The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost,
Shew me a Mistresse that is passing faire,
What doth her beauty serue but as a note,
Where I may read who past that passing faire:
Farewell thou canst not teach me to forget,
Ben. Ile pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. *Exeunt.*
Enter Capulet, *Countie* Paris, *and the clowne.*
Capu. *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and tis not hard I thinke,
For men so old as wee to keepe the peace.
Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pittie tis you liu'd at odds so long:
But now my Lord, what say you to my sute?
Capu. But saying ore what I haue said before,
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
Shee hath not seene the change of fourteene yeares,
Let two more Summers wither in their pride
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a bride.
Par. Younger then she, are happy mothers made.
Capu. And too soone marde are those so early made:
Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
Shees the hopefull Lady of my earth,
But woo her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her consent, is but a part,
And she agree, within her scope of choise,
Lyes my consent, and faire according voice:
This night I hold, an old accustomd feast,
Whereto I haue inuited many a guest,
Such as I loue, and you among the store,
One more, most welcome makes my number more:
At my poore house, looke to behold this night,
Earth treading starres, that make darke heauen light,
Such comfort as do lusty young men feele,
When well apparelld Aprill on the heele
Of limping winter treads, euen such delight
Among fresh fennell buds shall you this night

Inherit

Inherit at my house, heare all,
And like her most, whose mer
Which one more veiw, of mar
May stand in number though
Come goe with me. goe sirrah
Through faire *Verona*, find the
Whose names are written ther
My house and welcome, on th

Ser. Find them out whose na
ten, that the shoo-maker shoul
tayler with his last, the fisher w
with his nets. But I am sent to fi
are here writ, and can neuer fin
son hath here writ (I must to th

Enter Benuc

Ben. Tut man one fire burne
One paine is lesned by an othe
Turne giddie, and be holpe by
One desperate greefe, cures wi
Take thou some new infection
And the rank poyson of the ol
Romeo. Your Plantan leafe
Ben. For what I pray thee?
Romeo. For your broken shin
Ben. Why *Romeo* art thou ma
Rom. Not mad but bound mo
Shut vp in prison, kept withou
Whipt and tormented: and Go
Ser. God gigoden, I pray sir
Rom. I mine owne fortune in
Ser. Perhaps you haue learne
But I pray can you read any thi
Rom. I if I know the letters a
Ser. Ye say honestly, rest yo
Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22324) LONDON, 1609 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k